

## MISS BEATRIX HOYT IS GOLF CHAMPION.

She Defeated Mrs. Turnure  
in a Splendidly Played  
Game.

Honors Were Even Up to the  
Seventh Hole on the Sec-  
ond Round.

Mrs. Turnure Had Bad Luck and Miss  
Hoyt Won, Two Up, One  
To Play.

ALL SOCIETY WATCHED THE PLAYERS.

Mr. Robert Cox, Donor of the Championship  
Emblem, Arrived from Scotland in Time  
to See the Final Games and  
Present the Trophy.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt is the woman cham-  
pion golf player of the United States.  
She won that high honor yesterday when  
she defeated Mrs. Arthur Turnure, in one  
of the prettiest games ever played by wo-  
men, over the magnificent course of the  
Morris County Golf Club, both Miss Hoyt  
and Mrs. Turnure are members of the  
Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, of Southampton.

Mrs. Turnure's defeat was due to ill luck.  
She played us good golf as Miss Hoyt up  
to the time that she drove her ball among  
some shrubbery growing close under a  
hurdle in approaching the deadly "blind  
ditch" hole—No. 8 in the nine-hole course.  
In the second or afternoon round of the  
finals, but it is in avoiding these dangerous  
places that the science of golf lies as much  
as in clean putting and hand driving, and  
Miss Hoyt avoided all the "heartbreakers"  
but one with consummate skill.

The score of the finals for the woman's  
championship of the United States and  
the \$1,000 cup was two up and one to play,  
for the game ended when Miss Hoyt cleverly  
put her ball into the eighth hole at 3:20  
o'clock yesterday afternoon.

**Donor of the Cup in Attendance.**

An unlooked-for pleasure surprised the  
seven or eight hundred society people who  
had gathered at the club house to watch  
the contest between the two winners of the  
final games when Mr. Robert Cox, of Edin-  
burgh, Scotland, arrived as the guest of  
one of the members of the club, Mr. Cox  
is the gentleman who presented the mag-  
nificent trophy which is to perpetually re-  
present the woman's championship of the  
United States. He arrived from Liverpool  
yesterday morning on the Britania, and  
went at once to the club house. After  
luncheon he followed the players over the  
course on the second round, in company  
with Mr. George B. Kip and Mr. A. H.  
Tines, stewards of the green, and Mr. Tal-  
mage, secretary of the American Golf As-  
sociation.

The finals, as had been expected, drew  
the largest crowd of the tournament since  
it was first held, and the cold, with a  
sun shining overhead.  
The six or seven hundred people pres-  
ent at the club house when the afternoon  
half started, at least three-fourths fol-  
lowed the players over the full course.  
And they were simply rewarded for doing  
so for the seventh hole on the sec-  
ond round such playing has seldom been  
seen on an American course, and the  
players were even.

**The Contestants Appear.**

Mrs. Turnure appeared in a blue flannel  
dress, a short brown skirt, and a straw  
hat. Little Miss Hoyt came out for play  
with the sleeves of her jacket rolled up,  
and she, too, wore a straw hat and a short  
skirt, and her hair hung in a long, loose  
plait down her back. Mr. W. V. Feltow  
Morgan acted as Miss Hoyt's caddy and  
adviser, and Mrs. Turnure was attended by  
Walt, the professional player who is  
caddy for the Morris County grounds.

In the morning round both ladies put up  
a brilliant game. Mrs. Turnure beat out  
in the first, fifth and ninth holes with scores  
of 4-5, 5-8, and 4-5 respectively. Miss  
Hoyt won in the second hole in 6-5, in the  
sixth in 5-6, and in the seventh in 6-5.  
The third, fourth and eighth holes were  
halved. Mrs. Turnure made the round in  
forty-eight strokes, only two more than the  
record for the course, which is forty-six,  
and Miss Hoyt played out in fifty.

**Even at Luncheon Time.**

That left honors even, with a score of  
three-all, when intermission was taken for  
luncheon.

Play was resumed at 2 o'clock, and Miss  
Hoyt, by a superior drive, scored in the  
fourth hole. Mrs. Turnure followed with  
Mrs. Turnure's drive. Mrs. Turnure evened  
up accounts by making the second hole in  
four to Miss Hoyt's 5. Mrs. Turnure's  
fourth hole was a 5, and Miss Hoyt's was a  
4. The fourth hole, appropriately  
called "Blasted Hope," was halved in  
seven. The fifth hole was halved in five and  
Mrs. Turnure balanced the score by mak-  
ing the sixth hole in four strokes to Miss  
Hoyt's five. Miss Hoyt won the seventh,  
however, easily, for Mrs. Turnure knocked  
her ball into the shrubbery under the  
hurdle and after seven strokes did not  
hole in, while Miss Hoyt conquered all  
obstacles in four. Another bit of bad luck  
to the shape of a fence lodged cost Mrs.  
Turnure several strokes in approaching  
hole eight. She made it in eight, but Miss  
Hoyt sunk her ball in five and a running  
round of applause proclaimed her the win-  
ner of the cup and the championship.  
Everybody strolled back to the club-  
house when the score was announced.  
"Miss Hoyt wins; two up and one to play."  
And when everybody had arrived the prizes  
were brought out on a table on the green  
lawn and Mr. Talmage, secretary of the  
American Golf Association, made a neat  
speech outlining the conditions of the  
tournament and officially awarding the  
prizes. Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, presi-  
dent of the association, who was to have  
filled this pleasant duty, was detained at  
home by illness.

**Mr. Cox Makes an Address.**

While the prize winners and audience re-  
mained grouped Mr. Talmage introduced  
Mr. Robert Cox, who made a short address,  
stating the reasons that had led him to of-  
fer the superb trophy for the woman's  
championship of the United States. Mr.  
Cox said something funny in the course of  
his speech. It was only funny because of  
the environment. He said: "Golf and run-  
ning are splendid games, because they bring  
all sorts of people who would not other-  
wise know each other together. Those of  
high degree and those of low degree meet  
on common ground and come to know and  
understand each other. Thus, in the com-  
mon field of sport, many of the jealousies,  
and hard feelings, and misunderstandings  
of society are swept away."  
The members of the exclusive Morris  
County Golf Club grinned feebly at this  
democratic assertion of the Scotch golf en-  
thusiast.

Then Mr. Talmage proposed three cheers  
for Mr. Cox and Miss Hoyt, the woman  
champion of America. They were given,  
but an enthusiastic audience's proposal of  
"Three cheers for de caddies!" was prompt-  
ly suppressed by the head caddy.

**Fitting End of the Tournament.**

In the evening a reception was tendered  
Mr. Cox at the clubhouse. Nearly all the  
society people who witnessed the games  
were present. To-day the Consolation  
Handicap, open to all ladies who entered  
for the championship tournament, will be  
played. Miss Hoyt won besides the cup  
and the medal which goes with it, a big  
silver horseshoe, the prize for the best  
score. Mrs. Turnure got the second prize,  
medal and trophy; Miss Oliver, of the At-  
lantic Club, the third prize, and Miss Sam-  
uelson, of the Morris County Club, the fourth.  
Mrs. Shippen and Miss  
Hoyt will play  
to-day.

## SETS HIGH VALUE ON HUSBAND'S LOVE.

Mrs. Bertha Preston Has Lost  
It and Sues Her Father-  
in-Law for \$50,000.

Claims He Induced His Son to  
Desert Her and the Baby  
and Go to Japan.

Kissed Her Good By Nine Months Ago  
and She Has Not Seen or  
Heard of Him Since.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY INTERESTED

The Defendant, a Prominent Dentist, Denies  
That He Did Anything to Alienate  
His Son's Affections and Will  
Fight the Suit.

Residents of the "Hill District," in Brook-  
lyn, are enjoying the sensation just now of  
an action brought against one of their  
favorite dentists for \$50,000, for interfering  
in the domestic affairs of his son.  
The plaintiff in the case is Mrs. Bertha  
Preston. She is a pretty young woman,  
with dark hair and eyes. She alleges  
that Dr. Henry G. Preston, whose son she  
married, has alienated her husband's affec-  
tions and has sent him to Japan. For this  
she claims she has suffered to the extent  
of \$50,000, and she has brought suit in the  
Brooklyn Supreme Court, through her law-  
yer, George E. Mott, of the Garfield Build-  
ing, to recover that amount. The papers in  
the case were served on Dr. Preston last  
Thursday.

Mrs. Preston at present lives with her  
parents, at No. 1047 Lafayette avenue,  
Brooklyn. There it was, last evening, in  
the presence of her mother and aunt, and  
with her baby daughter, Helen, on her  
lap, that she told why she brought the suit.  
Her parents' house is a modest, two-story  
frame one, and it is comfortably furnished,  
but no more.

"I have hesitated," she said, "about  
bringing this suit, but I have been forced  
to do so. I have been deserted by my  
husband, and for my baby's sake I must  
take action. When I married my husband  
he told me his father would never forgive  
me, but I did not believe it. I thought his  
heart could be softened. I was mistaken.  
Time and again Harry and I pleaded in  
vain for his forgiveness. Then our child  
was born.

"We hoped then that 'father,' as we  
both called him, would relent, but he did  
not. He has never seen his grandchild.  
After the baby's birth Harry began to  
grow restless. He could not get work and  
felt that he was a drag on my family. Once  
he worked for two weeks at the hotel  
where my father is employed; then he lost  
his position. His father then secured a  
flat for us on Franklin avenue and we lived  
there one month. That is the only help  
we had from Dr. Preston, and the two  
weeks he was employed at the hotel was  
the only work my husband had during our  
two years of married life.

"A year drifted by. Baby's birthday was  
on the 31st of December. That morning  
Harry got up early. He was in better spir-  
its than I had seen him for a long time.  
He said his father had promised to get him  
a position in a dry goods store, and he  
started out to go to work. He returned  
about noon and brought baby a birthday  
present. Then he kissed us both and said  
he was going back to the store. He went  
out of the gate whistling, and I have never  
seen him since.

"For a week I waited night and day for  
his return. Then my mother went to his  
father and in my name demanded my hus-  
band. 'My good woman,' he said, 'my son  
has gone to Japan. He will never return  
to us again.'

"That is all I have been able to learn  
of my husband's whereabouts. From the  
first his father did everything in his power  
to separate us. Because I was a poor girl,  
he thought his son had married beneath  
him. That was all he could ever argue  
against me, and he says it was enough  
to make him wreck my life.

Dr. Preston's story is different. He lives  
and has his office at Adelphi street and  
Greene avenue. 'First of all,' he said, 'I  
want to deny emphatically every charge  
that has been made against me. Instead of  
trying to separate my son and his wife, I  
tried every means in my power to keep  
them together. I did oppose my son's mar-  
riage, not only to his present wife, but to  
any one. He wanted to get a position to mar-  
ry. His studies were not completed and he  
could not support himself, much less a wife.  
He had always been a wild boy, however,  
and I could not control him. When I found  
that he had married in spite of me, I ad-  
vised him to make the best of it. I helped



MISS HOYT, LADY GOLF CHAMPION, MAKING HER FIRST DRIVE.  
(From a snapshot photograph.)

him with advice and money. I fitted up a  
flat for him, I paid for a term at college, and  
I usually offered to pay his board. His  
wife's parents. It was all of no use. One  
morning he came to me, told me he had  
made a mistake and was going to get out  
of it by going to Australia.

"I advised him to stick to his wife, but he  
refused and that day went to sea in the ship  
Scotia. Since then I have had a letter  
from him, from Yokohama. He expresses  
himself well satisfied with his condition and  
says he will probably stay where he is.  
I was not surprised at the suit, because  
several attempts have been made to get

money from me. Once my son's wife's  
lawyer wrote me a letter, asking for an in-  
terview. He said my son's wife had suf-  
ficient grounds to warrant her in getting a  
divorce and that for \$200 she would do so.  
I refused to give a penny and the demand  
was reduced to \$150. This I also declined."

**COMANCHE NOT FOR CUBA.**

Visit of Two Insurgent Leaders to Cleveland  
Started the Report.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 9.—H. M. Hanna,  
owner of the steam yacht Comanche, which

was alleged to have been sold to the Cubans  
for a war vessel, denies that he has sold his  
boat. The rumor regarding the sale of the  
yacht arose from the visit to Cleveland of  
Gonzalo de Quesada, Charge d'Affaires of  
the Cuban Junta, and General Carlos Roloff,  
Secretary of War for the same government.

The Cubans said they were merely on a  
tour to awaken sentiment and raise funds.  
They were entertained by Colonel John  
Nicolay Hay, Colonel Hay and De Quesada  
are fellow members of the Theta Delta Chi  
fraternity.

## SAILORS BOLD--THESE FIVE ROMPING GIRLS;

With Never a Thought of  
Frizzes or Curls, They Sailed  
the Raging Main.

From Scotia's Shore Through  
Wind and Gale, Laugh-  
ing at Boreas,

Ne'er Turning Pale, They'd Face the  
Driving Rain. A Fortnight's Visit  
in This Proud City

THEN BACK TO THEIR SCHOOL BOOKS.

More's the Pity! They May Never Come  
Here Again. Just for a Lark the  
Trip Was "Took," All to Go  
in a Diary Book.

Five romping, rosy-cheeked girls stepped  
ashore yesterday from the trim Nova  
Scotia schooner Florence R. Hewson, from  
Shulee, N. S. The quintet are daughters of  
Nova Scotia lumber merchants, and they  
made the voyage on the Hewson through  
gales, fogs and rain squalls, under the care  
of Captain William Patterson, who has  
also promised the girls' parents to take  
them safely back to Shulee.

Miss Ella Seaman, who is thirty years  
old, as she confessed at the Barge Office,  
acted as a chaperon for the party. Her  
companions were the Misses Nellie Purdy,  
nineteen; Elizabeth Gillespie, seventeen;  
Elizabeth Stanford, sixteen, and Emily  
Christie, fourteen years old.

On the voyage they occupied staterooms  
opening from the Hewson's cozy after-  
cabin. The little schooner carried a heavy  
cargo, and her deckload was piled so  
high there was barely room to swing the  
booms. She ran into a couple of westerly  
gales before she reached Nantucket, and  
the waves at times washed clear over her.

**Were Good Sailors.**

The plucky Nova Scotia girls proved  
good sailors, however, and, far from being  
sickish, they developed appetites that kept  
the cook busy after the first day out.

In the handling of the vessel they also  
evinced the liveliest sort of interest, and  
their desire to be on deck even when the  
tempest was howling loudest wrung the  
skipper's heart; for he knew that if one  
of his fair charges was swept overboard  
the chances of rescue was slight indeed.

Through storms and calms, however, the  
Hewson came unscathed, and she sailed  
down the Sound and through Hell Gate  
yesterday morning without the loss of  
even a rope yarn. The Nova Scotian  
girls declared they had learned more about  
navigation than they ever knew before,  
and they have kept a log book that is  
the wonder of the Hewson's officers.

Captain Patterson escorted the young  
women to the Barge Office, where their  
declarations concerning their baggage were  
taken in due form. Then they went up-  
town to visit friends.

**Considers Them Immigrants.**

When Immigration Commissioner Seaton  
learned of the landing of the Nova Scotia  
quintet he expressed the opinion that they  
should have passed through Ellis Island,  
and he intimated that the case would be  
looked into and a search made for the  
girls.

John C. Moore, agent of the schooner at  
No. 74 Cortlandt street, was greatly an-  
noyed when he heard of the Commission-  
er's decision. "These girls," he said, "are  
the daughters of respectable people in  
Shulee. Their fathers are in the lumber  
business there, and are friends of Captain  
Patterson. Three of the girls are mere  
children, and they are in charge of their  
two older companions. They took the trip  
for the experience and to visit friends in  
this city, who are now entertaining them.  
They will remain here for ten days or so,  
until the Hewson is ready to start back."

**WOMAN FORGER SENTENCED.**

Belle Freeland, Once Pardoned by Cleveland,  
in the Toils Again.

Clarksburg, W. Va., Oct. 9.—Belle Freeland,  
the counterfeiter who was convicted in  
Chicago in 1893 and sentenced to five  
years in the penitentiary, and was soon  
thereafter pardoned by President Cleve-  
land, was brought up before Judge Goff  
in the Federal Court here today, to answer  
to another indictment for counterfeiting.

She was charged with converting two-  
dollar bills into tens and twenties. She  
was convicted and sentenced to the peni-  
tentiary for one year.

**Is Obligated to Support Her Mother.**

Her mother, she explained, is supported  
by herself, with occasional contributions  
from her brother and sister.

Then she told a tale of hard luck that  
softened even the hearts of the lawyers.  
Five years ago, she said, she had owned  
\$20,000 worth of jewelry and a house and  
lot in this city. The house had been lost  
through the foreclosure of a mortgage for  
\$6,000.

"Well, what about that jewelry?" queried  
the lawyers. "It's all of it left."  
"No, it isn't. I haven't even a ring left."  
To show the truth of this Miss Coghlan  
held up her hands. They were plump and  
well-cared for, but there was not a ring  
on any of the fingers.

What became of the jewelry?  
Most of it went for bread and butter,  
bread and butter for whom?  
Myself, partly. Part of it went to pay the  
salaries of actors in my company. I don't  
know how they spent it—probably for food.  
What did you do with your necklace—that  
handsome one you used to wear?  
I got \$4,000 out of it.

From whom?  
From Mr. Simpson,  
the Bowery pawnbroker. The original  
owner?

No, Mr. Simpson, of Sixth avenue. He loaned  
me \$4,000 on it. I could not pay the interest or  
principal and he seized it.

Do you own any property?  
Yes, one or two that were failures.

What ones, for instance?  
I paid \$2,000 for the American rights of "A  
Woman of No Importance," and lost that more  
before I gave it up. The "Nemesis" cost  
me \$5,000—and it was one too.

When did you work last, aside from the time  
in San Francisco?  
Last winter I played in "For the Crown,"  
which was at the Fifth Avenue.

Was that a success?  
Humph! It was a frost.

Well, if you don't work, how do you live  
now, since you say you have no money?  
On credit.

With my mother.  
But what is the address—the street and num-  
ber?

I don't want to tell that. The last time I  
told it was printed in the papers and I was  
so bothered by creditors and people that I  
had to move. They pursued me so that I could not  
stand it.

Has your husband any property belonging to  
you?  
No, not a cent.

Is he living?  
I presume so. He was the last time he wrote  
to me.

Then the witness cried, and the lawyers  
decided that they had questioned her  
enough. She was released for the time  
being, but is not through with her troubles,  
as other creditors are waiting a chance  
to talk to her.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere, and  
it always cures coughs and colds.—Advt.

## ROSE COGHLAN SHEDS SOME REAL TEARS.

Goes to Court to Avoid Being  
Sent to Jail for  
Contempt.

After Many Delays Submits to  
Examination in Supplemen-  
tary Proceedings.

Swears That She Has No Money, and  
Is Living Almost Entirely  
on Credit.

HOW SHE LOST HER FORMER FORTUNE.

Bought and Produced Plays Which Proved  
Dismal Failures, and Lost Her  
Residence and All  
Her Jewels.

Rose Coghlan, charming as ever, had a  
hard time of it yesterday. For two hours  
she was obliged to sit in a witness chair  
and be badgered by lawyers who wanted to  
know why she did not pay her debts and  
what had become of the valuable property  
she owned not long ago. Miss Coghlan  
does not like lawyers, especially when they  
are opposed to her in supplementary pro-  
ceedings. The consequence was that she  
had a most unpleasant morning, and when  
it was all over vented her feelings in a  
good cry.

Mrs. Sullivan, for that is her real name,  
and it was under that title that the suit  
was brought, was obliged to undergo the  
ordeal, because otherwise she was in dan-  
ger of going to jail. Once or twice before  
she had been summoned to appear and ex-  
plain why she did not pay the judgments  
against her. Each time she disregarded the  
orders of the court. This made the  
lawyers almost as angry at Miss Coghlan as  
she was at them, and they secured an order  
citing her to show why she should not be  
sent to jail for contempt. The move  
proved effective.

The actress looked for from happy when  
she walked into the chambers of Justice  
Fitzsimmons, of the City Court. With her  
was A. H. Kaffenburgh, representing Howe  
& Hummel, her attorneys. She marched  
resolutely across the room to the farthest  
corner. There she sat down, and with her  
back to every one stared out of the win-  
dow. The hour was a very pretty one, by  
the way, and served to display a fashion-  
able gown of imported material. The skirt  
was of gray cloth, severely plain in cut,  
but with lots of material in it. The jacket  
was of blue, and fitted her form without a  
wrinkle. It was covered with enough  
frogs and braid to have satisfied General  
McAlpin. Over this was a sealskin cape,  
edged with astrachan. The hat was also  
imported. It was of blue felt, with a  
broad brim and half covered with huge  
bows of gray and blue silk. At the back,  
where the brim was turned up, there was  
a big yellow bow and a cock's feather, sur-  
mounted the whole contrivance.

**Lost Her Cue in Court.**

There were several other unfortunate  
waiting to undergo the same experiences as  
the actress, and she stood up in line to be  
sworn. Half a dozen times she raised her  
hand to take the oath, and as many times  
found that she was too soon. Then, when  
the time came, she was not ready, and Mr.  
Kaffenburgh had to catch her arm and  
push it up in the air. After this was over  
an adjournment was taken to the office of  
Marshall B. Clarke, at No. 40 Broadway,  
who represented the judgment creditor.  
The suit was that of Herbert E. Boynton,  
assignee of Smith, Sons & Co., jewelers in  
Boston, against Rose Coghlan. She had pur-  
chased from them three years ago for Miss Cog-  
hlan. Its price was \$500, and of this \$150  
was paid. The firm had sued for the bal-  
ance, and the second judgment, with costs,  
making \$440.29 in all.

Mrs. Coghlan readily admitted that the  
ring had been lost, but said that her  
husband was the one who ordered it, and  
that, anyhow, she lost it long ago. Then  
the lawyers asked her about her income.  
She said she had none aside from the  
money sent her by her husband, who is  
playing in San Francisco. She swore she  
had no engagement now or in the future,  
and that she had never been married. She  
earned \$1,000 for three weeks' performance  
of "Carmen" in San Francisco last July.  
Of this sum she had secured a loan, with  
costs, making \$440.29 in all.

"Do you own the play 'Carmen'?" the  
lawyers asked.

"No, Nor Miss Netherlands, either,"  
snapped the actress.

"Haven't you power of attorney to draw  
money out of a bank in this city?"

"Yes, But the money is my mother's,  
and whatever I draw is for her and spent  
upon her."

**Is Obligated to Support Her Mother.**

Her mother, she explained, is supported  
by herself, with occasional contributions  
from her brother and sister.

Then she told a tale of hard luck that  
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decided that they had questioned her  
enough. She was released for the time  
being, but is not through with her troubles,  
as other creditors are waiting a chance  
to talk to her.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere, and  
it always cures coughs and colds.—Advt.

MISS ROSE COGHLAN IN VARIOUS POSES WHILE BEING EXAMINED YESTERDAY AS A JUDGMENT DEBTOR.